

The Tragedy of Hamlet

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commission; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knaury, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmarke's health, and Englands to,
With hoe such bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the superuise no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.

Hora. I't possible?

Ham. Heeres the commission, read it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I sat me downe,
Deuisd a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our statists doe
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but fir now
It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord,

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might florish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare,
And stand a *Comma* twene their amities,
And many such like, as fir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shriuing time alowd.

Hora. How was this scald?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinaunt,
I had my fathers signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th'impression, plac'd it safely,

The

Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldersterne* and *Rosencrans* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience; their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced poynts
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?
Hee that hath killd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cofaage, i't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Countier.

Cour. Your Lordshippe is right welcome backe to Denmarke,

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.

Doo't know this water-fly?

Hora. No my good Lord,

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spaci-
ous in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordshippe were at Leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it fir with all dilligence of spirit, your bonnet
to his right vfe, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belecue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed,

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very foultry and hot, or my com-
plexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultry, as t'were I cannot
tell how: my Lord his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that a has layed
a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember,

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, fir here is newly
come to court *Laertes*, belesue me an absolute gentlemā, full of most
excellent

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